

# NEWS OF THE MOTION PICTURE WORLD NOTES STAGE MASQUOTS

## The New Movies

By  
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD.

THE utter injustice of the system which controls the big movie theaters is conclusively demonstrated by the case of "Shadows," an unusually fine picture, which is unable to find a home in any of them.

"Shadows" was produced by the Preferred Pictures Corporation and directed by Tom Forman. Its cast includes such celluloid celebrities as Lon Chaney, Harrison Ford, Marguerite de la Motte and Walter Long. What is more, it is a worthy production in almost every respect, and exceptionally well acted.

The film's chief asset is its story, which is so startlingly original and so richly endowed with dramatic vigor that it is far above anything we have seen on the screen in a long, long time. It was originally a short story, by Wilbur Daniel Steele, published in the *Pictorial Review* as "Ching Ching Chinaman" (the title was changed at the request of the exhibitors). Eve Unsell and Hope Loring made the adaptation, and did a good job of it.

The dominant figure in the story is a lowly Chinaman who is cast up on the shores of a little fishing village in Maine. He opens a laundry and becomes the object of solicitous attention from the local parson, who strives to save his soul by converting him to the church of Christ. In the end, however, it is the minister himself who is saved.

Mr. Steele's method of telling this story is both expert and inspired. He never employs obvious methods. For instance, when he desires to effect a means of communication between the laundryman and one of his fellows he causes him to insert the message in the Chinese lettering of the laundry marks on collars. There is also no little subtlety in the picture itself, so that verbose subtitles are not much in evidence.

Lon Chaney's performance of the leading role is a remarkable one. His makeup is little short of miraculous and his simulation of Chinese postures and expressions is studiously careful. We doubt that there has ever been so effective an impersonation of an Oriental character by an Occidental actor. The rest of the cast is good—namely Harrison Ford and Marguerite de la Motte.

We understand that "Shadows" will be on view at Loew's State Theater next Sunday, and we commend it enthusiastically to the attention of our readers, gentle and otherwise. Just why it should have been denied access to a first run house we are unable to say. We know that it is better than any picture we have seen at the Rivoli, Rialto, Capitol or Strand in the last month.

**Harsh Words From Mr. Stanlawa.**  
Penrhyn Stanlawa, erstwhile proprietor of pulchritudinous morons on magazine covers and more recently a motion picture director at the Paramount studio, has written an article in *Screenland* in which he gives his opinion of our leading screen beauties. His harsh words—and they are unusually brutal—have caused tremors in Hollywood which probably won't subside until Mr. Stanlawa is tarred and feathered and run out of town by the local post of the Ku Klux Klan.

He levels the shafts of his criticism at Mae Murray, Alla Nazimova, Pola Negri, Betty Compson, Betty Blythe, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Mary Pickford, Bebe Daniels, the Gishes and the Talmadges—to mention a few of the more prominent names.

He charges them with such serious defects as big heads, muscle bound lips, exacting processes, motion pictures, protruding jaws and horse nostrils. He says of Marion Davies that her brow is too low, which is certainly a dirty dig.

We understand that Mr. Stanlawa recently severed his connection with the Famous Players-Lasky, which might account for his attitude of hostility toward some of its most prominent stars, but his far from chivalrous remarks are not limited to any one company or any one field of the silent drama. So we may assume that his statements are sincere.

Personally we feel that most of the beauties of the screen are vastly overrated. Qualities of face and form which lend themselves most readily to exacting processes, motion pictures, protruding jaws and horse nostrils, often prove to be highly unattractive when viewed in the flesh. Many genuinely beautiful women attain a surprising homeliness when reflected in the films, while others who are really nothing to get excited about can gain perfection by passing through the lens of a camera.

Consequently, one cannot judge movie actresses by the ordinary standards of beauty. It is their business to look lovely on the screen—not on the street.

Of those we have seen who can come out into the sunlight without losing any prestige the leading examples are Florence Vidor (a real beauty from every point of view), Mary Pickford, Corinne Griffith, Madge Bellamy, Alice Joyce, Carmel Myers, Alice Terry, Mildred Davis and Pola Negri.

**Wallace Reid.**  
Another star, obeying the inexorable laws of the universe, has faded out in the haze at the horizon's edge. Wallace Reid is through. His case is a tragic one—not so much in itself as in the conditions which caused it. The press has published many stories of Reid's indulgence in narcotics, and the public is now witnessing the ignominious downfall of another of its overworked idols. It is a dull and sickening story.

Every one who is connected in any remote way with motion pictures has known for a long time that Reid was slipping and has been perfectly aware of the reason for this decline. Although he was always a gifted fellow, able to perform with incredible facility any task which might engage his passing attention, he was always stunted by moral and mental weakness. He was terrifically strong and athletic, he could drive a car with all

## Some Faces to Be Seen in New Pictures Coming In



JANE THOMAS  
IN  
"THE TOWN THAT FORGOT GOD"  
ASTOR THEATRE

EILEEN PERCY  
AND BUDDY MESSENGER  
IN  
"THE FLIRT"  
RIALTO

THOMAS MEIGHAN  
IN  
"BACK HOME AND BROKE"  
RIVOLI

HAROLD LLOYD AND MICKEY DANIELS  
IN  
"DOCTOR JACK"  
STRAND

GRANT MITCHELL  
AND MARGARET IRVING  
IN  
"TELEVISION"  
SELWYN THEATRE

## Pictures of the Week

**ASTOR**—"The Town That Forgot God," directed by Harry Milbride.  
**CAMEO**—"Solomon in Society," directed by Lawrence C. Windom.  
**CAPITOL**—"The Headless Horseman," with Will Rogers.

**CRITERION**—"Marion Davies in 'When Knighthood Was in Flower,'" directed by Robert G. Vignola.

**LYRIC**—"Douglas Fairbanks in 'Robin Hood,'" directed by Allan Dwan.

**RIALTO**—"The Flirt," directed by Hobart Henley.

**RIVOLI**—"Thomas Meighan in 'Back Home and Broke,'" directed by Alfred Green.

**STRAND**—"Harold Lloyd in 'Dr. Jack.'"

voice which indicates that he means what he says. William S. Hart is another who quit cold.

Mary Miles Minter, who was to replace Mary Pickford, proved to be a dismal failure, and she is now through. In fact, all the Reelstar stars, with the exception of Bebe Daniels, have faded—Wanda Hawley, Constance Binney and Alice Brady.

Neither Betty Compson nor Agnes Ayres has been an unqualified success. The only personalities who have stood up under the strain are Thomas Meighan, Gloria Swanson and Dorothy Dalton.

Jack Holt, Leatrice Joy, Bert Lytell and Nita Naldi are coming along. Pola Negri, who has lately joined the fold, is of course a distinct asset to any company which may be worth uncounted millions to-day is less than the dust to-morrow.

Stars are fragile things. They are essentially unstable, and it is unwise to place too much reliance on their power. A name which may be worth uncounted millions to-day is less than the dust to-morrow.

That is why Messrs. Zukor and Lasky have been wise in banking so heavily on mere flesh and blood. Their mistake has cost them an enormous amount of money.

The blame for the power of the star system may be laid at the door of the exhibitors. It is strange that so many of the grievous faults in the movies should be found on that same threshold. It is nearly always the exhibitor's fault. Most of them had no experience in the theatrical business before assuming control of film theaters. They did not understand the theories of showmanship and their knowledge of advertising and exploitation was purely accidental.

So they grasped at names—the first names that came to hand. They played up individuals because they did not have enough to concentrate on the photoplays themselves. Consequently the stars became all important in the exhibitors' minds (if any), and they demanded star pictures. They did not say, "My patrons want good stories or effective productions." They cried out, and their cries were disconcertingly loud in Hollywood, "My patrons want Wally Reid—or Bill Hart—or Priscilla Dean."

In this connection it is interesting to note that the influence of women is all important in the film industry. A woman's vote carries the election every time.

If you study the great stars of to-day you will observe that 99 per cent. of them have been elevated to their present position because they appealed to the ladies. The male fans have practically nothing to say about it. They may pay for the tickets, but it is the women who decide which pictures they are going to see.

The most popular actors of the day are all great lovers; a mere character actor never has a chance.

The most popular actresses are either

close models, like Gloria Swanson, who can appeal to the feminine passion for sartorial expression, or they are sweet little golden haired children like Mary Pickford, who can inspire the old maternal instinct.

No vampire who makes her appeal directly to men has managed to survive very long. Look at Theda Bara, if you must look.

We have been assured by numerous exhibitors that Will Rogers failed on the screen because the ladies don't like him. He is too homely.

**Notes.**  
A week from to-day Nazimova's production of "Salome" will come into the theaters, replacing the vastly popular "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

"Salome" is the picture which has been highly touted by every one who has seen it, with the exception of those financiers who were asked to risk a little money on its distribution.

It should be watched with interest.

The Chicago and Alton Railroad recently tried the novel experiment of exhibiting motion pictures on trains. A dining car was converted into a film palace and a full program put on for the edification of the traveling salesmen.

The scheme worked surprisingly well and movies will probably become a regular feature of every journey by rail.

We have an idea of our own for the entertainment of guests in the subway. Large prints of motion pictures should be pasted up on the walls of the tubes, on a level with the windows of the cars, so that the effect of continuous motion would be obtained as the trains whizzed past. It would be based on the same principle as the effect of the pictures sold after the Jeffries-Johnson fight and which were operated by the process of flicking the leaves rapidly with the thumb of the right hand. (See directions.)

We figure that comedies, scenes, educational pictures or news reels could be run off between local spots; and that for passengers on express trains a five reel feature could easily be consumed between Seventy-second street and Times square.

## Society Aims to Create Interest in Best Music

Mrs. J. F. D. Lanier, president of the Society of the Friends of Music, is an ardent admirer of the classic composers as well as of modern musical genius. To stimulate greater love for and create a deeper interest in the best music is the altruistic motive of the society, which is similar to those in France, Italy, Austria and Germany, and whose purpose is to give encouragement to all musical events that will promote an increase in the knowledge of music and improve musical taste and culture. Associated with Mrs. Lanier on the board of directors are Mr. Allan Wardwell, chairman; Mrs. Philip James and Mr. Alfred Seligberg. The society, now in its tenth year, occupies a unique position in the musical activities of New York, presenting the works of the old masters, rarely if ever heard in concert halls and works of modern composers. Arthur Bodansky, conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, is the musical director and Stephen S. Townsend, the chorus master. A Brahms program will be presented at the second subscription concert of the season at Town Hall on New Year's Eve, at which Mrs. Charles Caver, American contralto, will be soloist.

**LOYOLA ANNUAL DINNER.**  
The Loyola Alumni Association, which is composed of graduates of Loyola School, will hold its seventeenth annual banquet at the Biltmore on Thursday.

The president of the association is Mr. Louis C. Haggerty. The officers are Messrs. Robert S. Arley, H. Donn Kersey, John B. Maguire, John A. Maher, James P. Silo, John McP. Kersey, Edward J. McLaughlin and William J. Wilson, Jr.

## Vaudeville Houses Have Celebrations for the Yuletide

Christmas Carols Again Heard at the Palace—Other Features.

Vaudeville is concentrating on Christmas celebrations more than ever this year. At B. F. Keith's Palace Theater the new "Christmas Pace" was set on Wednesday of last week when, through an arrangement with President E. F. Albee of the circuit, the entire personnel of seventy-five members of Father Time's Festival Chorus began a series of noonday Christmas carols without charge to the public, prompted only by their own and Mr. Albee's desire to cause some of "the ancient and holy" spirit of Christmas to descend upon busy Broadway.

Special free matinees for orphan children and the sending of volunteer acts and artists for the home entertainment of invalid soldiers, hospital inmates, guests of old people's homes and for the prisoners in jails and houses of correction are this season among the most extensive activities of the managers and owners of vaudeville theaters. The Prospect Theater, Brooklyn, for instance, entertained 400 poor children yesterday at a special matinee with suitable Christmas features. A concert of the Catholic Big Sisters of Brooklyn selected this happy little army. The same Keith Theater invited another band of 400 crippled children from the Industrial Welfare League, and there was a large Christmas tree on the stage throughout the show with a gift for each child present and a Santa Claus to distribute his fat pack in person. In Louisville over 2,400 poor kiddies also enjoyed Keith hospitality yesterday morning.

The Fordham Theater will send a complete vaudeville show to the Montefiore Home for incurables on Friday morning of this week. The Christmas night two shows for sick and wounded soldiers will be supplied by the B. F. Keith offices, one at the United States Veterans Hospital at Kingsbridge road and Sedgewick avenue and another at Seton Hospital, Spuyten Duyvil and 231st street.

"When I was a little girl in my home city, Los Angeles, I was a regular weekly attendant at the stock house, where William Desmond was then the leading man. At the end of the season he was given a benefit, and I, in my best frock and ribbons, accompanied by a bunch of American Beauty roses almost as big as my small self, occupied a stage in the great state and long career. At the correct moment I threw my roses to William Desmond, but alas! they landed in the lap of a fat woman sitting in the front row. The chief difficulty was the drummer caught them. A whispered conference between the fat lady and the drummer, and then by pantomime they told me to jump onto the stage. Such a suggestion was no longer given when I trotted right up to Mr. Desmond and gave him the roses. Whereupon he put his arm around me, bent down and kissed me. He had me take a bow with him. That was my thrill—the one that comes once in a lifetime.

"But speaking of thrills," continued Miss Robine, "I recall one that proved, in fact, a supply of thrills at a poker party, which was not at all expected in the game."

"When I was just that same theater-loving little girl I used always to spend my time playing for my own edification the leading roles of every play I saw in their respective successions. On a particular night in question I was attired in a kimono, surreptitiously borrowed from my mother because of its delightful flowing quality. I was standing in front of the long mirror in the upper hall, with the carving knife raised defiantly above my head, savoring to my heart's content and declaiming in my most strident tones, 'I am no coward!'"

At this juncture my uncle came down the hall, which was in semi-darkness and, naturally, I saved a yell which not only frightened me but sent me speeding down stairs, carving knife still clutched high above my head, straight into the library and a poker game at its most exciting moment. All thoughts of the "kitty" were forgotten as a skinny little girl in flowing white, with menacing carving knife, leaped onto the table. Every time my uncle meets me, he tells me of the incident and how a Broadway leading woman and I see you are still no coward."

**Irene Franklin Heads Palace Xmas Week Bill**  
Irene Franklin, who headlines the bill at the Palace this Christmas week, is one artist who aims never to repeat. She gives new programs most effective nature songs, the lyrics of which she herself always writes, and new costumes enhance her act.

Her engagement at the Palace, Miss Franklin is introducing something which vaudeville has never had before, a set that represents a prehistoric home. Gone is the alt frame, the Campbell palms, the piano lamp, so familiar to vaudeville patrons. In its stead there is a Japanese screen cleverly arranged to form the purpose, but not the gaping aperture of the familiar "center door fancy." The furniture is of the latest in "overstuffed," the entire color scheme being in these shades of new green and blue.

A group of puppets later lend themselves to costume effects. Old lamps supply the lighting effect, and the shades, as Miss Franklin's new program of songs progresses, suddenly are converted into a dashing hat or head dress of the Hippodrome girl.

Miss Franklin designed this set, superintending its building and mounting in every detail. Miss Macklin, known to Broadway as an actress, is also that of the set, in interior and exterior, who is practical, who knows the stage and its equipment as does any stage crew. Hitherto, Miss Macklin's stagecraft has been confined to the production, most recently for Leo Dietrichstein. This is the first set she has designed for vaudeville. The entire act can be hung, as is a picture, over the house set.

**CLAUDÉL IS BOTH POET AND FRENCH DIPLOMAT**  
On a half page of the yearly guidebook to the French diplomatic service, to be found in the French consulate, is the most interesting, if the briefest, of the many commentaries on Paul Claudel, whose "Tidings Brought to Mary" is the third Theater Guild production attraction starting Christmas day. One must remember in reading it, to recall its full value, that he is a modern French poet, numbered among France's greatest by such men as Gide, Maclaurin, James, Barres, and Mirabeau, and that his poetry shows the man a solitary spirit, and a mystic.

The record opens with the date of his birth, 1888, and the small symbol showing that he has been appointed Chevalier and then Officer, Legion d'Honneur. It traces his diplomatic career from his graduating at the age of twenty-four from L'Ecole de Science Politique, through consulships in Boston, Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin, Prague, Frankfurt, New York and Hamburg. It mentions then that he was sent on an important mission to Italy, and was then made Minister to Brazil. In 1919 he was appointed Minister to Denmark. The next step was an ambassadorship—and in 1921 he was appointed French Ambassador to Japan, his present post.

And all this time he has combined the impossible—the one side, a poetic career whose life is attested by the continual struggle between his enthusiastic friends and his bitter opponents to say the final word on his right to stand with Voltaire, Chateaubriand, Rostand,

## French Actresses Ascribe Success to Cherished Mascots



Mlle. Damia, whose superstition is divided between a chattering monkey and a romping dog. Once when the monkey became crumpy Mlle. Damia suffered a distressing hoarseness. Mlle. Regina Badet places all her trust in a rare miniature copy of the Koran bound in ivory. Jeanne Prevost finds a fetish in fish—goldfish, to be sure, but she insists they keep her well up in the theatrical swim.

Mlle. Robinne is both old-fashioned and American in her choice of a luck piece, preferring to place all her faith in a rusty horseshoe which she keeps constantly with her.

## Glenn Hunter - By Himself

My folks thought I was a queer youngster. I guess they didn't believe I'd ever amount to much. I was always day dreaming and I liked to get out by myself and think things out. I wasn't sure whether I wanted to be a poet, a painter or an actor—and I loved to sing. It seems to me as I look back that I was equally attracted by all the arts. The chief difficulty was to make a choice and to decide what I was best fitted to do. Although I may have overestimated my qualifications for an artistic career, I was quite sure from the start that as a business man I would be a dismal failure.

We lived in Highland Mills, a quaint little village about forty-five miles from New York, and I loved the beautiful hill country where I was born. I used to sketch bits of scenery, to write poems (which I never let any one see) or to recite lines from the classics in an old orchard which I called my theater and where I dramatized most of my favorite books. It was fortunate for me that no one ever witnessed these performances. As I did not meet with the usual adverse criticism, my early ambitions were not immediately nipped in the bud.

In spite of my natural distaste for business I wanted an education, and when I learned that I should have to work in order to pay my way through school I gave up day dreaming and began to look around for a good job.

I was about 15 years old when I went to work as gardener's boy on the Harriman estate. I had entire charge of the orchards and I liked this work. It appealed to my imagination, and in this way I earned enough in the summer months to help pay for my tuition at the Mount Harmon boarding school. Later I became a secretary for the Standard Oil Company. I think I was a good secretary, though the work was not to my taste, and I was not naturally drawn to it.

I was not limited to one type of role. I want to develop by playing many roles that are distinctly different in character. But I like the role of *Merton*, and I am about ready to play the time when we can do a screen version of the play.

I stayed with the Players for two years. Then I went on the road with "Punch," "Magic" and "Polymath." War interrupted all further plans. I was on my way to France when we got word that the armistice was signed.

When I returned to New York I was given the role of Bobby Wheeler in "Clarence," and since then I have had so many juvenile parts in the movies and on the stage that I am beginning to feel that I am a little old to play anything else. My only hope is that as I can't go on looking young forever, some day my opportunity will surely come. You see, I want to prove myself as an actor, and I am sure that I am not limited to one type of role. I want to develop by playing many roles that are distinctly different in character. But I like the role of *Merton*, and I am about ready to play the time when we can do a screen version of the play.

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mother when I was a famous star. But the road to stardom is seldom an easy one and I went through the usual heartbreaking experiences. I had no letters of introduction to the New York managers, no influential friend to hold out a helping hand. And remember, I was only 17, fresh from the country and with nothing to recommend me but my youthful enthusiasm and determination to succeed.

I have been without food and shelter and it seems to me that I have suffered most of "the life that flesh is heir to," and I often wonder what I would have done if Zoe Beckley had not listened when I went to see her after reading one of her stories in the *Evening Mail*. Miss Beckley was very busy, but she was not too rushed to offer a word of friendly cheer and practical advice.

It was through her kindness later that I secured the role of the wounded boy in "The God" with the Washington Square Players. In a way I guess I was fortunate for me that I looked a bit seedy; at any rate they gave me the role. The salary was \$10 a week. It seemed like a small fortune to me, and I thought they were taking an awful chance.

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**Amateurs Are to Have Chance on Loew Circuit**  
An opportunity for at least 500 amateurs to show what they can do is offered in an announcement from the headquarters of the Loew circuit of theaters that reviews composed exclusively of amateur talent will soon be offered at Loew's American, Victoria, Lincoln Square, Greely Square, National and Orpheum Theaters. W. H. Smith, Joe Ward, Walter Windsor, Billy Dean, and Victor Hyde, known as producers of revues, have been engaged to carry out the plan. There is no contest connected with the arrangement, the matter of selecting the cast being left to the producers. All costumes are supplied and each member of the company will be paid a small amount to cover any expense incurred in attending rehearsals. That working girls may have the opportunity to participate, rehearsals will be held in the evening.

**FOR SMITH COLLEGE FUND.**  
For the benefit of the Smith College Endowment Fund a performance of the "Cape Cod Marionettes" will be given at the Smith College Club, 23 East Seventeenth street, on the afternoon of December 28. Among the patronesses are Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont, Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, Mrs. Charles Dyer Norton and Miss Amy Aldrich. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Aldrich at 115 East Thirty-eighth street.

## She Has Been a Boy Often—in Stage Life

Edna Hillbard, the little actress who plays the half caste daughter of the American in Guthrie McClintic's production of Sophie Treadwell's play of Mexican life "Gringo," now at the Comedy Theater, is remembered to being merely a woman. She used to want to be a boy, because they were so much more interesting—upon the stage.

And she was a boy, twenty-two times—upon the stage.

Her first role, played at the age of 8, was the boy violinist in "The Kismet Song" with Bertha Kalich when the latter was guest star with the Durkin Stock Company in Milwaukee. Miss Hillbard played many girl roles after that, but she rapidly came to dislike them.

"Ingenuities are always so wishy-washy," explains Miss Hillbard. "They are the saddest things in the world—the most awful things the stage has to offer. I have no character. And a boy part on the stage has character—he usually does something that interests an audience. Perhaps a boy is more interesting than a girl anyway. I played boy roles in twenty-two plays in stock and I always liked them. I looked forward with interest when the next play had a boy part that I could act. It was fun getting the costume ready—watching the wardrobe woman, and then trying them on. I felt important when I walked on the stage dressed as a boy and perfectly at home."

"If I had played a girl's part I was dissatisfied, and felt that the audience was, too. That feeling persisted after I got old enough to play ingenuities. But I acted them just as well as I could. I suppose I am too grown up to play boy parts any more, but it was fun."

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**Many Consider Strong A Real Rival for Coue**  
Dr. Coue might be considered to have a rival on Broadway in the person of Austin Strong, author of "Seventh Heaven," the John Golden production at the Booth Theater, which turns upon the theme of autohypnosis. No fewer than three large groups formed for purposes of study and cultural development have written Mr. Strong within the last week asking that he address them. One of these, the Society for Self-Help, through its secretary, Mrs. Theophilus H. Nielson of Isabelle Park, N. J., stated its plea as follows: